HAPPINESS.

This perfect love can find no words to say What were are left, still secred for our use. That have not suffered the sad world's abuse, and figure forth a gladness dimmed and gray? Let us be silent still, stage words convey But chadowed images, wherein we lose The fulness of love's light; our lips refuse The fulness of love's light; our lips refuse The fulness of love's light; our lips refuse

Then shall we hear beneath the brooding wing Of silence what abiding voices sleep. The primal notes of nature, that outring Man's little noises, warble he or weep, The sound of deep that calleth unto deep.

—Edith Wharton in Scribner

THE MATE'S STORY.

A night or so ago, after toiling at the pen until something past the hour of midnight, during a moment in which I had paused to rest from my incessant writing, my eye caught a glimpse of a huge bundle of half forgotten MSS, and old printed papers.

Listlessly picking the bundle up and carefully bloom of the design from the bundle of the design for the desig

fully blowing off the dense incrustation of dust, the accumulation of many years, I in-advertently opened an old paper, black with age, which contained the following curious tale.

As I have good and sufficient reasons for supposing the story to relate to one, in par-ticular, of my ancestors, many of whom, in the cid whaling times, plowed both the northern and southern seas as captains, I carefully made a verbatim copy of it and will again bequeath it to a wondering world: About two years ago I left the service. I

was tired of it, and as I wanted some more exciting work, and as that was only to be found at sea, I shipped aboard a whaler as first officer. We were unlucky-someway I bring no luck anywhere, but storm and wind -and being born in March my whole life has been lived in March, and we were nearly empty.

We were cruising up here to the north, on

and off, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed, and the ice forms precious quick in these latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chance of an-One bright afternoon, just after eight bells,

I made up the log, as part of the first offi-cer's duty, and carried it to the captain's I knocked at the door, and, as nobody an-

swered, walked in. I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing. Seeing he was employed, I told him I had

brought the log-a record of a ship's doings, vessels spoken, knots made, etc., during each four hours-laid it on the table behind him, and, as he made no reply, walked

I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain. I was puzzled, for I could not make out how he could get there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said; "I just left you writing in your cabin." I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour," the captain answered; but I thought he was chaffing, and didn't like it. There was some one writing at your desk

just now," I said; "if it wasn't you, you had hetter go and see who it was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir," and with that I walked rather sulkily away, I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

"Mr. Stowell," said the captain, who saw I was nettled, "you must certainly have been mistaken; my desk is locked. But come,we'll go down and see about it." I followed the captain into the cabin. The

the cabin was empty. The captain tried the desk-it was locked. 'You see, Mr. Stowell," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken; the desk is

log was on the table, the desk was closed and

I was positive. "Somebody may have picked the lock," I said. "But they couldn't have closed it again. the captain suggested; "but to satisfy you I

will open it and see if the contents are safe. though there is not much here to tempt a He opened the desk, and there-stretched

right across it—was a large sheet of paper with the words "Steer N. W." written in an odd, cramped hand, as if written while the vacced was laboring in a heavy sea. The captain looked at the paper, and then bunded it to me.

You are right, Mr. Stowell; somebody has been here. This is some hoax. If I find the lubber I'll have him keelhauled for this, if he freezes for it."

We sat there some time longer talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke, if joke it was.

I tried to identify the back of the man I had seen sitting at the deak writing with that of any of the crew,
I could not do it. It is true I had first

taken the man for the captain, but now points of difference suggested themselves. I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still I was under the impression that the coat was brown and the bair, which appeared under the cap, seemed, as I remembered it. o have been longer and whiter than the cap-

ticular, the captain determined to have up We had them up, one by one. We examined them and made all those who gained no claw. The mystery remained another mystery of the seas.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in the cabin during the second officer's watch. We were neither of us in-clined to be talkative. We smoked in silence, nd each of us was buried in our own

I tried to think of home, of my brothers in the navy, and my sisters and parents ashere, and the pleasure it would be to see old Engband again; but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the fig-

re sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was rapidly succeeding with considerable

Nervous Prostration,

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raccess in curveloping tensors in an improtrable cloud of smoke. At last he suddenly
looked up and said: "Suppose we alter her
course to northwest, Mr. Steweil?"

I don't know what it was; I cannot hope to
make you understand the world feeling in
my mind that followed his words; it was a
sudden sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering
eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck
and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked

and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked in the binnacle at the compass before going below I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands briskly together at what I cannot say—I didn't know them—but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and, looking up, said abruptly:

"It can do no harm, Mr. Stowell."

"It this breeze continues," I answered, "we

can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then ? should think"-"But then we shall find ice. How's th wind?"

"Steady, north by east, sir."
We sat down and finished our grog, which tasted better from having been out in the

bitter air on deck. I had the morning watch-the first mate's to keep next day.

I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept

on deck the whole of the day.

Even that did not satisfy ma. I was con tinually running up the rathines into the maintop with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed.

No ship or wreck was in sight; for that was what I had brought myself to believe would be the ultimate outcome of the strang direction, "Steer N. W."

The captain was as unquiet as myself.

The captain plainly expected something to happen; but as to what it was to be he made

no open confecture. The second officer, Mr. Sornberger, I be lieve, firmly believed us both crazy; indeed I often wondered myself at the state Evening came, and nothing had turned up.

The night was bright, and the captain was determined to lay on under easy sail till morning. Morning came, and with the first gray light I was on deck.

It was bitterly cold. Those only who have seen them under similar circumstances can form any adequate idea of the delicate and beautiful tints of the morning skies in those northern latitudes The beauty of the scene was simply ravish ing. But I was in no humor to appreciate

of these marvelous beauties of nature.

I had something else of more vital importance to think of just then.

There was a mist and a thick frosty haze of a deep white hanging low down on the horizon. I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could not be mistaken—beyoud it I could dimly see the glimmer of the ice field.

I sent below to call the captain, who came on deck directly.

"It is no use, Mr. Stowell," he said, "you must put her about." "Wait one moment," I said, "wait one mo

ment, the mist is lifting more, it will be quite clear directly."

The mist was indeed lifting rapidly. Far to the north and west we could see the ice

stretching away, as far as the eye could ch, in one unbroken field. I was trying to see whether there appeared any break in the ice to the west, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand and pointing straight ahead with the other, ex-

"My God! there is a ship there!" The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the

We stood looking at it in silence, There was some meaning, after all, in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that flashed through my mind. "She's nipped bad, sir," said old Capen, who, with the rest of our crew, was anxious-

y watching our new discovery.

I was trying hard to make her out through when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by the dull report, proved that she

Sornberger, off in one of the quarter boats. ice, with a few of the men, towards the wrecked ship, while the rest of the boat's crew rowed "off and on" to await his return. They soon returned with eight of the ship's

It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have sawed their way out through the ice, but the ship was so strained and injured that she would not have floated

an hour The largest of their boats had been stoy in by contact with an iceberg, while none of the others were really seaworthy.

They were preparing, however, to take to them as a last precarious resort, when the welcome arrival of the Edna-our ship-put an end to their fears.

Another detachment was soon brought off, and the exptain, with the remainder of his crew, was to follow immediately. I went down to my cabin and tried to think over the singular fate that had made

us the preservers of this ship's crew. I could not divest myself of the idea that some occult or supernatural agency was connected with that piece of paper in the cap-tain's desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequence if we

had neglected the warning. The boat coming alongside interrupted my

In a few seconds I was on deck. I found the captain talking to a fine old sailor like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Capt. Squiers. Capt. Squiers shook hands with me, and we

ed talking for some time. I could not take my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I had seen him somewhere -where, I could not tell.

At last he turned around to speak to some

I could not be mistaken-there was the same long, white hair, the same brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin!

That evening I and the captain told the strange story of the written paper to Capt. Squiers, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too devoutly thankful for his escape

out of such an imminent and terrible peril to question the means by which it had been brought about, At the captain's request he wrote,

We compared it with the original writing. There could be no doubt of it.

It was in the same odd, cramped hand.— Fred. Lucca Squiers in New Orleans Picayuna.

The flight of birds can be easily measured; but it is very difficult to gauge the speed of fishes. As a general rule, the fast fishes are trim and pointed in shape, after the manner of a yacht, and their fins lie close to the body. Fishes of prey are believed to be the fleetest, the ordinary food fishes being slow and easily captured, but correspondingly prolific. The dolphin and bonito are exceedingly swift, but their highest speed is not known. Dolphins have been seen to swim round and round a steamer, so that they are capable of doing at least twenty miles an hour.—Once a Week.



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inemials to my versions afairs, arrest to sharpen their knives, arrest to sharpen their knives, itself ones to scour old straw halls, oldiers to brightes their arms, senuvators to clean carpets,

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in Old York. One of the checkered, ivy grown bits of old York as it was under the Tudors and Stuarts

is the king's manor house, which is in part the building where the wealthy abbots of St. Mary's dispensed princely hospitality. Little of the abbatial palace remains except the wide and heavy staircase. Here suco monarchs were received, and here Charles II held parliament. Now, after instructive vicissitudes, it is a school for the blind; and, as such, the county memorial of the inmortal philanthropist William Wilberforce. Sixty bilnd children here receive education and instruction in useful handicrafts. Quadrangular of form, and of architecture in which the Jacobean predominates, it is warningly suggestive of coughs, colds and rheumatisms, which, strange to say, are not there in un-usual number. Royal and noble coats of arms, which task all the pedantry of heralds to explain, adorn the principal entrances and ome of the rooms.

The Thursday concert of the inmates is in progress as we enter. The performance of the blind organist and the tones of the lead-We needed no signal to know her distress.

The captain ordered the second officer, Mr.

Sornberger, off in one of the quarter boats.

I watched him as he made his way over the coverable loss and breathing unutterable yearning for completeness of life, enters into the melody. It plaintively appeals to what is tenderest and most Christlike in the audience, and meets fullest response from the

most highly gifted natures. The United States are graciously repre sented here by raised and dissected maps, books in the Boston raised and in the New York point type, and writing guides, presented by the American Printing House for the Blind at Louisville, Ky.; wool work articles and books presented by Mr. Anagnos, superintendent of the Perkins Institu-tion and Massachusetts School for the Blind; and by a pathetic lace collar worked by the deaf, dumb and blind Laura Bridgman. these lent added interest to the jubilee of the institution in 1883.

One of the many historic rooms-now used es a dermitory for blind boys—that display the taste and magnificence of the builders contains a curiously grotesque Tudor fireplace, still intact. This was Lord Hunting-don's room, and "is probably the place in which Stafford held his court of star chamber."-Richard Wheatley in Harper's Maga

Country of the Upper Nile. For the first 500 or 600 miles of its course from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the River of the Mountains. This is the most beautifu part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half way between the Victoria Ny-anza and Lado the Nile flows through the porthern end of the Albert Nyanza. About Every now and then I seemed to catch at twenty-five miles above the Albert lake are some clew, which vanished as soon as the Murchison falls. Below the lake for more than 100 miles, the stream is broad and placid traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert lake, i





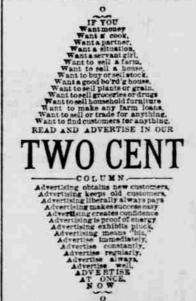
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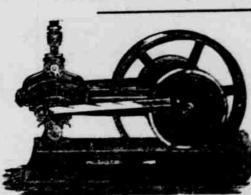
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